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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

The Atonement.

In October last a New York preacher was called to account on the charge of heresy. The preacher had sent out a letter in which, among other things, he said that he could not accept the doctrine of an angry God soothed and appeased by the blood of an innocent victim. The Times-Dispatch made some comments from a layman's point of view, and a correspondent writes to say that our remarks have "puzzled and bothered" him, and he asks us to state in plain terms what is the doctrine of the atonement as taught in the Bible. We cannot undertake to comply with that request. It is a question upon which the theologians themselves are disagreed and the laymen who studies the various doctrines from the time of Anselm and who tries to reconcile the various views that have been presented will have his brain addled to the point of desperation. The views have changed with the ages. In the article referred to by our correspondent we did not mean to discuss the atonement. We were simply dealing with the attitude of God the Father towards his children.

Of course, we believe in the atonement of Jesus Christ, but we do not believe in the doctrine of an "angry God soothed and appeased by the blood of an innocent victim." We believe in God as the Ruler of the universe; we believe in the majesty of the divine law and in the justice of the great Judge. The Scriptures teach that law had been violated by sinful man, and that a great atonement was necessary. Jesus Christ made the atonement for us all. But we believe that the atonement was made to satisfy the exactions of the law in order that the law might be upheld, or, as St. Paul puts it, that the law might be established, and not that an angry God might be appeased.

We are not undertaking to explain the atonement; we are simply expressing our dissent from the doctrine that God is a monster, angry with man for having violated the law and not to be appeased or reconciled save by the blood of an innocent victim. We believe in the fatherhood of God; we believe that His relationship with us is that of father and children; that He loves us with a supreme love, with a love that is more powerful than any of His attributes, with a love so powerful that it found a way to save man from the penalty of the law without overthrowing or compromising the law itself. We believe that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." We believe that man is saved by the grace of a merciful and loving God.

College Morals.

In connection with the recent assault made upon young Kingdon Gould by his classmates in Columbia University, the New York Sun says that "the student body of representatives is still talking about how to comply with President Butler's wishes on the subjects of cribbing in examinations censoring newspaper reports and other small matters. They found it a hard task. Some science seniors say that so widespread has cribbing become that more than half the men in the school have cheated in examinations at one time or another. Professor Hutton told members of one of his classes that he had expelled three men for cheating in the first few weeks of the present term."

That is a terrible arraignment of college students and college morality, and suggests that there is something radically wrong, from a moral point of view, in the method of instruction in New York's great University. If education simply trains the intellect and takes no account of the moral nature, the money spent on it is worse than wasted. No greater monster in human form can be conceived than a man with a well trained mind without any of the restraining influences of a moral conscience. If a man be morally depraved the better his mind is trained, the greater his capacity for mischief. True education is not a onesided affair. It should take into account the heart and the hand as well as the head, and all should be trained in harmony and unison. If college life teaches our boys to be dishonest, to cheat in their examinations and in their games, if it promotes immorality and lawlessness, we had better destroy the colleges and try some other form of education that will develop the moral as well as the intellectual nature.

This is a question of grave and vital importance to the colleges. They must show good moral results as well as good intellectual results if they would retain the support of the people. It is too much to expect the colleges will make saints of all their pupils, but it is not too much to expect that the moral standard shall be so high and the moral atmosphere so pure as to make cheating and lawlessness among the student body at large intolerable and impossible.

Woman's Work in Richmond.

In the discussion of the proposed public library for Richmond we have noted a disposition on the part of some of the correspondents to make slighting and contemptuous flings at the women who have taken part in the movement. The representative women of Richmond are not disposed to meddle in politics, and if the right of suffrage should be offered them on a silver waiter, they would decline in a spirit of dignified resentment. But they have taken an active part, a distinguished part and a noble part in various kinds of work of a more or less public character, and if the city of Richmond had been deprived of their efforts she would have come short of some of her greatest achievements.

We say nothing of the work that the women have done in the churches, but it must be confessed, to the shame of the men, that the major part of it is done by the women. If any man doubts this let him give attention to the announcements which are made to-day from the pulpit, and he will discover that most of the meetings announced for the week are meetings of societies composed of the women members.

But leaving this out of the discussion, we would point to their accomplishments in other directions. It is to their efforts that we owe the Confederate Museum, the Jefferson Davis monument, the Home for Needy Confederate Women, the Richmond Education Association, which has done so much to awaken interest in the cause of education in Richmond and throughout the State; the establishment of the Richmond Training School for Kindergartners and the introductions of Kindergartners and the introduction of public schools; the City Mission, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Free Kindergarten and Day Nursery, for the care of children whose mothers must go out to earn their daily bread; the Brook Avenue Mission and Kindergarten, the Retreat for the Sick, the Home for Incurables, the Sheltering Arms Hospital. It was through their efforts that a monument was erected in Hollywood to the Confederate soldiers, and they gave valuable aid in raising the money to build the Lee monument and the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. It was largely through their efforts that a battleship was named for the State of Virginia, that Jamestown was preserved, that many historic spots throughout the State were marked, that many valuable historic records were collected and put into a safe place. They established the Woman's Club, which has done a splendid work for culture in all its forms, and the Richmond Art Club owes its existence to Richmond women.

We are not trying to make a complete list of their accomplishments. We mention such as occur to us while writing, but even this random enumeration is a tribute to their public spirit and devotion quite sufficient to give, by the right of achievement, respectful consideration of any new public enterprise which they may champion.

Should a Heroine Say "Damn"?

Readers of Mr. James Branch Cabell's recent novel, "The Eagle's Shadow," are getting excited over the fact that Margaret Hugonin, in the story, is permitted, on a certain momentous occasion, to give vent to a very round "damn." They are, of course, writing letters to the newspapers about it. The trouble began, it appears, with that familiar penman and argus-eyed critic, "Old-Fashioned," a gentleman well known, we dare swear, in every newspaper office in the country. We didn't see Old-Fashioned's letter—at least not this one—but we will risk a guess that his point was, in brief, that girls were not allowed to cuss when he was young. Other correspondents instantly took up the cudgels. The consensus of opinion appears to be that while Margaret's language was unquestionably indiscreet, we ought not to be very hard on her, because of the largeness of her provocation.

Now, Margaret, we are led to believe, was not the sort of girl to use habitually the noxious word indicated above. The young author's purpose in putting it into her mouth here was to show that, smitten to the heart by the murderous assault upon her lover, the trappings of conventions fell away from her like a robe, and in a single burst she reverted to the primal. But—Lord bless us!—"Damn" is not primal. "Damn" is civilization. "Damn" is culture. It is artificially acquired, like a taste for olives. If we hear it rising naturally to the lips of a lady, under whatever provocation, we can but blushingly assume that she has practiced it a few times on other occasions. Otherwise, however primal she felt, she would simply never think of it. Under the circumstances set forth in the story, given a heroine absolutely unprofane, yet suddenly stirred to vigorous primality, we might have looked to hear from her, say, a hoarse, guttural, inarticulate, animal-like cry—totally differentiated in character, of course, from the falsetto scream she would have used if suddenly confronted by a rodent—or maybe, she would have done, in a vocal way, a number of other imaginable things. But she would never, never, have said "damn."

Hence, we are obliged to conclude either (1) that Margaret had the unsuspected fault of indulging in profanity in the privacy of her boudoir; or (2) that without really feeling primal on this occasion, she was anxious to give the effects of primality, with the tail of one eye on the gallery. In either case, there is no real cause for national alarm. We bid Old-Fashioned be of good cheer. As regards the ladies of America, damns may, in the optimistic words of Mr. E. Acres, have had their day, or they may not. The subject is a large and obviously a delicate one; and we look vainly for a straw here to show us which way the wind is blowing. We think it unfair and really mean to swoop down on Margaret's little lapse as evidence that her sex is going to the bad.

Do We Read Too Much?

Every now and then, some slightly despondent observer looks up long enough from his task of keeping tabs on the errors of man to inform us that the great trouble with the American people, among a number of others, is that they read too much. Nationally speaking, they say, we never sit down for an idle half minute without immediately reaching out for something to read. As a logical result, the American intellect and the American character is rushing to the dogs. Not merely because the literature of our choice is often of an unimproving nature, though this, too, is no doubt the fact, but because we give over to this easy pastime many moments that might better be devoted to meditation and silent self-communion. Our minds, they tell us, were given us not so much for the indefinite absorption of light literature as they were, in short, to think with.

The fact involved in all this seems to be beyond dispute. Unquestionably, we are a nation of readers. The penny newspaper has made us so, and the free supplement, and the ten-cent magazine, and the cheap press. If Bacon's estimate of the effects of reading is correct, we should most of us be very full men indeed, though not necessarily full of just the sort of thing the great jurist had in mind. In those unrestrained moments of evening leisure, with the donning of the well-worn slipper, our frivolous eye, like instinct, starts its nocturnal roving for something to read. Undoubtedly, we pass in this way a good deal of time which, in days more scantily supplied with specimens of the printer's art, used to be given over to pure cogitation. But has the change really deprived us of very much? Would the thoughts thus lost to the world have been of any particular use to anybody?

It is to be feared that the everyday, undress meditations of most of us are somewhat wanting in real intrinsic value. Driven to bay and bereft of any external diversion for the mind, do we naturally fall a-thinking noble thoughts? Caught in a railroad station, for example, without a book, and as Sydney Smith would say, fifteen miles from a newspaper, are our reflections of a sort to be worthy of preservation? Do our thoughts irresistibly center upon an earnest desire for self-betterment? Do they spur themselves eagerly on to the evolving of really logical and practical plans for the uplift of downtrodden humanity? Or do they not rather flicker drowsily, well-nigh in a state of coma, about the general cussedness of train schedules, or the large question of what and where for dinner?

The average thought of the average man is not much more profitable and productive than a sleep of pleasant dreams. Why we don't, as a race, think better is another and larger question. Few novels, however, are so barren that they do not, at the least, furnish an exercise for the reader's imagination. And even poor novels, so long as they are not positively naughty, may be regarded with complacence, simply as a vehicle for carrying man for the nonce out of himself, and as such are not to be lightly contemned.

"A Word to the Weary."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to Him that is weary."—Israel 1:4.

This is a curious word to find in the Bible. Does God then care for weary people? The world has but little sympathy with them. If a man be weary, we give him notice to quit; it is his business, not ours, to find a place for himself.

The tendencies of the Bible is one of the most convincing arguments, not only of its inspiration, but its Divine Author. It says all the time: "I will try to help you; do not hinder me; I will wait for you at home, in solitude, at midnight, anywhere—fix the time and place yourself, but when your heart most needs Me, I will be next to your heart."

Any book found in a den or gutter, that wants to do this should be received with respect at least. The purpose is good. If it fails, whose fault is it?

Everywhere in this Book of God, we find this supreme desire to help them. When other books are dumb, this Book speaks words of comfort. It is like a star, it shines in the darkness, and beams upon us, all the more when the shadows thicken.

This is the real greatness of God. He will not break the bruised reed. Because the reed is bruised, the rude man desires to break it. He says, in fact, "If the reed were strong, I should not touch it, but, as it is bruised, what harm can there be in finishing it? I will even snap it, and throw the sundered parts away." That is the reasoning of the rude man; it is the vulgar view of the case.

Healing is the idea of a creator. He who creates, also heals. Here, we see, God's estimate of poor, weak human nature. If He cared only for the great, the splendid, the magnificent, the robust, the strong, the everlasting, He would, indeed, not be God, but too much like the men of this world.

The greatness of God is shown by His ministrations to the weak, the weary, the young, the feeble and the sad. Man was made originally in the image of God, and so man, though broken and defaced, is still dear to his Maker.

Oh! poor prodigal soul! with the divinity nearly lost in thee, smashed, bleeding, crushed, all but in hell—while yet there is a shadow of thee, outside perdition. He would heal and care for thee! Thou art a ruin, but a grand one, for knowest thou not, that thou wast made the temple of God?

Even in weakness and weariness, God see the possibility of a greatness that may yet take place and be developed throughout eternity. How different the attitude of the world. How do they talk? Thus "the survival of the fittest." It is amazing with what majestic disregard of circumstances we allow people to die! We hear of thousands that perish and write calmly: "The survival of the fittest required the decay of the weakest and poorest."

In our march we leave the sick and the wounded behind. We go in for things that are fittest, strongest, the most promising, healthy, self-complete, and think that we are wise! That is the great, little, the majestic, insignificant, of our human contradiction.

God says, "Not a lamb must be left out; bring all up; not a sick man omitted; not a poor sinner sobbing out his heartache, shall be wanting. Bring them all in, sick, weary, wounded, feeble, young, illiterate, poor, insignificant, without name, fame, station, force—get all in; gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."

Let us go to that Shepherd. He will spare; He will love us when our poor strength goes out; He will gather us in His arms, and make the whole flock stand aside till He has saved His weakest one.

He will in very deed give us peace. He will give us grace and in His power, all our faintness shall be swallowed up. Christ is calling for thee; His sweet voice lifts itself up in the wild wind to ask whither hast thou fled? He seeks to save thee from death and pain and distress, and bring thee home. His eyes are shining with love; His voice meets with pity; His words are gospels, every one. Listen to His promise made to poor, weary humanity. It falls like music on the heart filling it with hope.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden. I will give you rest."

Washington, Jan. 13.—"We have not advanced far enough to decide whether a sea-level or lock canal should be built."

This in effect is the substance of the first annual report of the Isthmian Canal Commission forwarded to Congress today, so far as relates to actual construction work on the Isthmus.—Baltimore Sun.

The Isthmian Canal Commission ought not to have to go very far to determine that question. It should be decided before the plans are made, and the plans should be made to fit. It would be a blunder which the nation will never forgive if a canal with locks is constructed.

In this day of steam shovels and electric appliances and engineering skill, we can remove mountains with far more ease than our forefathers could remove hills, and it is a reflection upon our skill and enterprise to talk of being balked by obstacles. Now, that we are going to dig the canal, let us dig it right. Let us show to the world what we can do. Let the canal be an advertisement of our abilities. Let it be such a work that the orators of all political parties can "point with pride" to its grandeur as an American achievement.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne publicly endorses the proposed Carnegie Library. Dr. Hawthorne is a most accomplished, able and pious gentleman, but his ideas tend to be expensive. With the liquor traffic abolished and the city deprived of the income from licenses and a couple of hundred business places vacated, and with the Carnegie Library at ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars a year and a few other fixed charges to provide for, the outlook for taxpayers would be somewhat blue.—Richmond News Leader.

Dr. Hawthorne may not, in the eye of our contemporary, be a practical man. But as a minister of God he will make no mistake in preaching against saloons and advocating public libraries. By the way, if everybody in Richmond would give each year the price of a drink of whiskey for the support of a public library, the question would be settled without further ado. By the way, again, the city of Danville has abolished saloons and seems to be getting along as well as usual. Indeed, our information is that her revenues have increased and her criminal expenses decreased since she put the saloons out of business.

The man who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" died forty-one years ago to-day. In this period his ballad has gone around the world, carrying its sentiment and Kentucky's name into all climates. In some European countries it has taken precedence over all other American airs and is esteemed the one representative American song.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And Stephen Collins Foster was not a Kentuckian, either. In fact, it is said, he never saw Kentucky until long after his "Old Kentucky Home" had become famous.

The Virginia weeklies are all taking a side shot at Elector Barksdale's little speech, and now, it having been so well advertised, perhaps, the Halifax senator would do well to publish it in pamphlet form. It might sell like hot cakes.

The Brunswick Gazette, one of the ablest Virginia weeklies on our exchange list has just entered upon its fifteenth year. It is a good paper, and well worthy the strong support it is getting from the people of the good county of Brunswick.

Strange to relate, a great many millionaires were missing when New York's tax assessments were made out.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Nothing strange about it. That's only one of the tricks of the trade.

It is easy enough to down a Moro insurrectionist, but the trouble comes in keeping him down.

The Russians insist that they intend to retake Port Arthur. The Spaniards have never entirely abandoned their original purpose to retake Gibraltar some time before the world burns down.

Professor Triggs is the last after Tom Watson to announce a new magazine. He says it is to be an anti-Shakespeare, pro-Rockefeller magazine. You will have to wait for it to determine what that means.

We have been expecting General Stoessel to lay some of the blame on somebody else. Now, he says the Chinese spies deceived him and fooled him good.

The Honorable Alva Adams was Governor of Colorado when these forms went to press. We do not know who will be when this paragraph shall be read.

The revised edition of the New York tax list is very gratifying in that it shows that there are seven honest millionaires in that great city.

The good people of Halifax are talking about sending Mr. H. O. Kerns, of that county, to the State Senate. They could not send a better man.

Judge Parker has emphatically refused flattering propositions to start a magazine. We can now hurrah for Parker with more vim than ever before.

The election of Douglas, in Massachusetts, has made the way easy. It will cost only $3 to step in the Governor's shoes.

The North Carolina Legislature seems disposed to stand pat on the Watts liquor law, and thereby give it a fair trial.

The gubernatorial campaign is getting warm enough to do good work in hurrying on the good old summer time.

That New York-North Carolina domestic sensation seems to be another variety of the "Duke's Mixture" brand.

Purleigh Church.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I was agreeably surprised, I would add delighted, to see in your Sunday edition of the eighth, the communication of H. L. D., re Purleigh Church, England and would thank you to identify H. L. D.

I am from England, and for seven years was voluntary organist of Cowlinge Church where Mr. R. T. Love was then Vicar. I left Cowlinge in 1885, and am writing this letter from a writing case, (which I highly prize). It was presented to me by Mr. Love, on behalf of the choir, in October, 1885.

I took a farm in Essex, which I vacated October, 1898. I had been in this country in the early 70's and in 1893 I decided to return to this, my adopted country, though still an Englishman.

I, with my family, came over in June, 1899. A few weeks before sailing I went to Purleigh and bade farewell to Mr. Love, and am ashamed to say I have not written him once since I've been here, but intended to write him at once. I had not been to Purleigh before the spring of 1899, but Mr. Love was pleased to show me over the dear "Old Church," close by the rectory, and I hope his appeal will meet with a hearty response.

Yours faithfully,
HENRY J. TURNER.

Chester, Va.

Not a Boarding-House.

Ballard House,
Richmond, Va., Jan. 13, 1905.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your issue of to-day reporting the case of Mrs. Payne and her children you speak of one McCann, the keeper of a cheap boarding house, in the Ballard Hotel. Please let me correct the error. There is no boarding house in the Ballard Hotel. I started a mission some months ago at the old Ballard, but have since turned it over to the Baptist Council, and it is now managed by them under the supervision of Rev. James Buchanan and wife, who are helping all the poor they can.

All rooms not used for mission purposes are rented to families of small means, at a low rent and managed by myself. It has been our object to get rid of all objectionable tenants, and if one of them moves in unknown to us, they have their moving orders at once. No tenant ever need suffer for food or fuel, as they get help at once from the mission if they make their wants known and are worthy.

This is not a paying investment for those engaged in the work, as far as worldly riches goes. There is plenty of work to be done here; and it must be remembered that this case is the first one that has ever been before Judge Crutchfield in the last six months, since I have been in charge, whereas previous to that time arrests were made nearly every day or two, from here. In the Payne case I only told as little as possible, and that I was compelled to do, as I am here to help the women and girls not to drag them down.

Please publish this for me, as I want to be set right in the minds of the public. My friends all know me.

Respectfully,
HENRY M'CANN,
Manager Ballard House.

On a Tombstone.

A weather beaten tombstone in an old Virginia cemetery bears this inscription:

I Await My Husband.
May 26, 1840.
Here I Am.
Dec. 14, 1861.

A wag passing by added: "Late, as usual."—New York Commercial.

A Chance for Lawson.

This issue seems opportune for Thomas W. Lawson to get into the cotton market with two revolvers and a bowie knife and whoop things up.—Atlanta Journal.

WHAT EX-GOVERNOR J. HOGE TYLER SAYS.

Governor J. Hoge Tyler says that Otterburn Lithia water has done me great good, and I cheerfully recommend it.

Dr. George Ben Johnston says: I prescribe no mineral water so frequently as the Otterburn, because it brings such excellent results.

Dr. W. R. Purvis, of Alexandria, says: It is far superior to Buffalo Lithia in its diuretic effects.

It is a positive remedy for Indigestion, Kidney and Liver troubles, and the most delightful table water. Fresh from springs daily. Prices the same as the ordinary waters that are being sold in the city.

THAW & GRANT,
1109 E. Main Street.

QUERIES AND .....ANSWERS

Where Is Floyd Dudley?

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I wish to inquire if anybody can tell me the whereabouts of Floyd Dudley? He left here in June, 1903, and has not since been heard from. Any information about him will be gladly received by

T. W. DUDLEY,
Evington, Va.

Captain Lamb's Address.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Kindly publish in next Sunday's paper the present address of Hon. John Lamb, or at least how one should direct a letter to him, and oblige,

SUBSCRIBER.

Address Hon. John Lamb, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Pensions.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please inform me through your query column what steps are needful in order that I may continue to draw my pension from the State of Virginia. I am physically almost totally disabled and received my pension last September for the first time.

Yours truly,
S. C. P.

Write to Morton Marye, auditor of public accounts.

A Definition.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Yesterday in reading a story of one of the greatest of the English novelists, I came across the following: "As he was in a friend's country, the knight did not think fit to wear his heavy destrier or helmet, which hung at his saddle bow." Is this not an error and was not a destrier a war horse?

NOVEL READER.

Yes. A destrier, or more properly, a destrer, was a war horse, so called because led at the right hand until wanted in battle.

At the annual banquet of the Bartholomew Club of London, not a speech was made. When the banquet had reached the oratorical stage little books were distributed among the guests, and in these booklets were printed the speeches of the gentlemen who had accepted invitations to respond to toasts.

Most noble reform! But we suggest an amendment. Let the speeches and menu cards be sent to the invited guests in their homes, and let each guest have a Barmecide banquet at home. It would save lots of money and trouble, and promote good digestion.

Parliamentary Law.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please answer the following in your Sunday's issue on parliamentary usage:

Can a motion to reconsider cover three separate and distinct motions?

Example: John Jones moved that the salary of the organist shall be $250. Adopted. Edward Harris moved that the salary of the chorister shall be $235. Adopted. James Holmes moved that the salary of the clerk shall be $150. Adopted.

A motion was then made that the salaries be reconsidered. I claim that the motion is out of order; that one motion cannot reverse three. J. H. S.

If the motions were each put and carried separately, they would have to be reconsidered separately.

Rural Routes.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please answer through your query column can the Civil Service Commissioners grant a rural route over a country road that is not a county road, and how short a distance can a route be given? And oblige a constant reader.

O. Y. C.

Rural free delivery routes are not granted by the Civil Service Commission. Rural routes are sometimes planned on roads other than county roads, provided they are open roads and there is no objection to the carrier traveling on such roads by land-owners. Twenty-four miles is the maximum and eight miles is the minimum length of rural routes.

Publishing Books.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please answer in your next week's query column the following question:

How does an author get his book published after it is written?

CONSTANT READER.

He sends his manuscript to some publishing house. The publisher has it read by an expert, and if the expert makes a favorable report, the publisher writes to the author and proposes terms. Sometimes the publisher offers to purchase the manuscript outright; sometimes he offers part cash and a royalty; sometimes he declines to take the entire risk, but offers to publish on condition that the author will pay the cost of getting the book out.

Pensions to Southerners.

We recently stated that during the year 1904 the amount of money paid by the Federal government to pensioners in the Southern States was about $23,000,000. The following tables gives in detail the number of such pensioners in each Southern State and the amounts received:

	No.	Amount.
Alabama	5,903	$ 553,255.52
Florida	3,714	353,776.71
Georgia	3,725	520,352.57
Kentucky	28,335	4,056,808.02
Louisiana	6,712	881,970.54
Maryland	12,847	1,696,712.27
Mississippi	4,846	656,629.59
Missouri	52,172	7,305,616.98
North Carolina	4,253	659,922.96
South Carolina	2,090	265,318.89
Tennessee	18,891	2,813,366.71
Virginia	8,846	1,286,424.66
West Virginia	12,209	1,769,112.79
	162,566	$23,119,298.51

We confess our surprise at the discovery made some time ago that the Southern States are receiving so much from the pension fund. But we are always willing to publish the facts, whether or not they chance to fit our arguments.

Hand Ambulances.

An agitation is going on in London for horsed ambulances, for, incredible as it may seem, a person injured in the streets of London is joggled to the hospital in a two-wheeled hand-barrow, drawn by one or two policemen. There are only three horsed ambulances in the whole city, and they are owned by private parties, who charge for their use. There is no first aid system.

As to Loitering.

Sending a woman to the chain-gang for a term of six months "for loitering," as was recently done in Georgia, causes us to wonder what is the legal definition of "loitering" in that State. Taking the word as defined in the dictionaries, all the prisons in the country wouldn't hold those who could be convicted under it.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Plain Talk at the Preacher.

A preacher who accepts a fee for marrying a couple and then fails to have the fact of the marriage recorded in the courts—which is a part of the duty for which he is paid by the contracting couple—comes dangerously near obtaining money under false pretenses.—Norfolk Ledger.

As in Richmond, for Instance.

"I don't see how you can stand the horrible dickleness of your climate." "Sir, what you call dickleness we admire as versatility."—Chicago Tribune.

His Usefulness.

The Pig—Do you find your new editor, Mr. Goat, does his work satisfactorily?

Manager Ram—Oh! quite—and besides, he saves us the expense of buying a waste paper basket by eating all the rejected manuscripts.—Puck.

Mr. Barksdale Spoke Too Late.

"Roosevelt is a good Democrat," declares a Virginia elector. Would have saved lots of trouble if that had been found out before the election.—Chattanooga Times.

Millions in It.

The Raleigh dispensary cleared $60,000 for the city last year, and yet it is said the consumption of liquor was greatly reduced by its operation. The saloons must have been veritable gold mines.—Charlotte Observer.